Ryuko Can't Go to a Bar

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Ryuko Can't Go to a Bar

by mxfictiondaydreamer

Summary

It's Nonon's birthday, and Satsuki's going out with the Elite Four to celebrate. Poor 19-year-old Ryuko is stuck at home with nothing but her homework, her electronics, and her relentless libido to keep her company until Satsuki returns.

Notes

This is the sequel to Painted Nails and Ramune Sodas.

Chapter 1

"Why couldn't she pick, like, a restaurant or something?" Ryuko whined, bumping idly into the doorframe of the bathroom. Her face was curled into the grumpiest frown and her unwashed, red-streaked hair was pulled back into a ponytail. She had thrown on a pair of baggy sweatpants and a Sex Pistols t-shirt.

"I don't know, I'm not Nonon," Satsuki replied curtly, not bothering to look away from the mirror she was using to apply dark purple-red lipstick.

"You couldn't even talk to her about it?" Ryuko whined further.

Satsuki raised an eyebrow. "You could have taken it up with her yourself when she sent me the invite."

"But seriously, why?" Ryuko pressed.

Satsuki ignored her and applied eyeliner, somehow getting it even on the first try.

"I mean yeah, I get it, 20th birthday you gotta go to a bar or whatever…I just can't believe she's choosing alcohol over me!"

"It's a milestone," said Satsuki with boredom, applying mascara evenly to her long black eyelashes. The simple makeup looked startlingly elegant with her floor-length black satin dress.

"Who cares about milestones?! I'm her family! I'm her girlfriend's girlfriend! I'm her… sister-in-law! That's gotta count for something! Why can't we all go somewhere together?" Ryuko whined, leaning into the doorframe extra hard.

"Because…" Satsuki sighed. "This is her birthday, her milestone, she's been planning it for ages, and she can spend it how she wants." Satsuki turned toward Ryuko and affectionately brushed the hair out of her face. "We can do something with her later."

Ryuko mumbled something under her breath.

"But for now, stop complaining. It's getting tiresome," she added sternly.

"You're siding with her?"

"You're being childish, Matoi. Go down to the kitchen and get yourself some dinner. You must be hungry."

"I'm not hungry!" Ryuko protested.

"Then take care of whatever is bothering you. Go take a shower. Get some sleep. Text Nonon and make plans. I don't care. Just stop complaining at me while I'm trying to get ready for the party. Such behavior is unbecoming of a 19-year-old young lady."

Ryuko flashed her the most horrible stinkface she could muster. If there was one thing she hated being called, it was young lady, and Satsuki knew this all too well. Ryuko huffed but didn't say anything further; she was getting nowhere with Satsuki and would only irritate her with any further commentary. She turned and headed downstairs toward the kitchen. It turned out she was hungry after all. She grabbed a box of blueberries and shoved them in her mouth one handful at a time. Their sweet flavor calmed her down a little, even as she was devouring them with anger. The blueberry skins stuck to her teeth. She washed them down with some iced tea directly from the pitcher. She knew Satsuki hated this habit, so she made a point of slurping extra loudly just as Satsuki was coming down the stairs.

Satsuki passed by her with the most neutral look on her face, as if to say she had such low expectations of Ryuko that she wasn't even fazed. She had completed her outfit with three strands of black pearls, dangly diamond earrings, and the black leather pumps she bought for her own birthday that had cost her nearly $700. They clicked loudly on the tile floor. Ryuko frowned at the noise.

She grabbed her favorite hand-woven black and blue silk shawl from the hall closet and put it on, flipping the ends of her shoulder-length hair out from it without messing it up at all. Sometimes Satsuki was annoyingly perfect. She completed the look with her long black satin purse covered in tiny Swarovski crystals.

The doorbell chimed. Satsuki straightened up her outfit and answered the door.

Ryuko could hear Nonon's piercing nasal voice squealing at the sight of Satsuki. She rolled her eyes. Still, she wiped the iced tea from her mouth and went over to greet her nemesis at the door.

"Hey, Nonon!" Ryuko called out with a burp. "You clean up nice!"

"I suppose you would as well," Nonon snarked.

Nonon was dressed from head to toe in pink: pink dress, pink fingernails, pink lipstick, pink shoes, pink purse… For Nonon's 20th birthday, Ryuko would expect no less.

"Happy birthday, sweetheart," said Satsuki softly before taking Nonon 's hand and leaning in to give her a generous kiss on the mouth. Nonon was smiling the whole time, and couldn't peel her goo-goo eyes off Satsuki. Ugh.

Ryuko leaned against the wall and dried her hands on her sweatpants.

Nonon recovered from blushing and turned to Ryuko. "Where's my 'happy birthday,' shithead?"

"Happy birthday, shithead!" Ryuko teased back.

"Ugh, what's up with her?" Nonon grumbled.

"Just ignore her, she's been like this all evening."

“Are you sore ‘cause we’re going somewhere you can’t go?”

Ryuko turned her head away and refused to answer.

“Chill out, dude. It’s not personal.” There was genuine caring under the snark in her voice. Her gaze softened in Ryuko’s direction.

Ryuko still kept her arms folded but her shoulders relaxed and she managed to look at Nonon without frowning. “Okay.”

Satsuki smiled and leaned in to give Ryuko a little goodbye kiss. “I’ll be back in a few hours. Don’t burn the house down!”

“I’ve already had a house burn down once! Probably won’t happen again!” said Ryuko playfully, sticking out her tongue. She frowned again when no one laughed at her joke.

Satsuki and Nonon walked out the door and into a horribly gaudy pink hummer, which gleamed with extra color in the pink and orange sunset light. They were probably off to pick up the rest of the Elite Four, who were all of legal drinking age. Ryuko sighed as she closed the door and scampered off to her bedroom to mess around on her laptop.

Chapter 2

Ryuko flopped down on her bed, which was king-sized and covered in a tacky burgundy comforter with faded fleur-de-lis that her dad had gotten circa 2000, and she absolutely refused to give it up. It was one of the few things Ryuko was able to save from the fire. Ryuko reached for her laptop, which "slept" in bed with her whenever her sister wasn't around. She flipped it open and went to Netflix.

"Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit…" Ryuko muttered as she scrolled through Netflix. "Ugh, why do we even have this subscription?!" She rolled over momentarily, staring at the fan on her ceiling. "Fuck."

Usually on weekend evenings she and Satsuki would watch Hell's Kitchen ironically, and Satsuki would make fun of Gordon Ramsay telling everyone their undercooked food sucked. Then they would order food… Ryuko's stomach was grumbling. It turns out blueberries and tea aren't very filling. She picked up her phone and called a number on speed dial.

"Hello yes I would like to place an order for delivery…One double hamburger, extra sauce, and an order of fries…Yes, that's the right address…What, there's a credit card minimum? Hmm, throw in a couple of sodas then. Sprite or 7Up or whatever. Oh, and pie! Yeah, that'll be all, thanks!"

She pulled herself back up on the bed and opened her Pandora. She made weird faces absentmindedly as she selected her pop music station. Mako had gotten her into pop, and she was the only one of her friends who knew she ever listened to it. Ryuko had an image to uphold.

Relaxing to the sweet sounds of top 40 pop music, Ryuko rolled over on her bed and started taking off her sweatpants. Then she remembered the burger delivery person and pulled them back up.

She tried not to think about Satsuki, Nonon, and the rest of the Elite Four… It was useless. Nonon and Inu were probably snarking at each other, and she missed them.

Uzu was probably getting her shitfaced and Gamagoori was probably guarding her as she was falling over herself. Satsuki would probably be dancing with her right now. Maybe all of them were dancing together? Ryuko felt a pang of jealousy that her friends and girlfriend were having fun in a place she couldn't be.

Whatever, Ryuko was going to be more mature than all of them, and work on her homework for next week. She crawled to her backpack and opened it up with a grunt. She pulled out her binder, which was a little messy, and stuck it on her desk along with her statistics textbook. The homework was actually pretty simple: how to tell if someone is bullshitting their study by looking at their statistics. She answered the textbook's boring-as-hell questions and checked her binder for more homework. Oh shit, philosophy? She had to read a 12-page essay on the merits and pitfalls of ethical relativism. It took her over an hour to read it and take notes. Where was her burger?

Ryuko had never been so happy to hear the chime of the doorbell. She ran downstairs and opened the door like a hurricane. The delivery person tried to apologize for being later than usual but Ryuko's huge eyes and smile reassured him that everything was fine. She thanked him profusely and took her bags of food and sodas to the couch, a habit that Satsuki tolerated. The burger wrapper came flying open and the next 5 seconds felt like an eternity as Ryuko smoothed out the wrapper to protect the couch and brought the burger to her mouth. The

burger was juicy, salty, and absolutely perfect. The extra sauce got all over her face and dripped onto the wrapper. It reminded her of Satsuki's—oh no, she couldn't think about that, not now. She turned on the TV and channel surfed for a bit. Everything on TV was trash, and not in a good way. At least her burger was good.

At last she settled on Animal Planet. They were having a ridiculous special for shark week, which reminded her of what she liked to do to Satsuki when she was on her—goddammit. She flipped the channel again and it was some slasher film involving murder with a knife with blood everywhere. Ryuko found herself aroused. Goddammit. Was she becoming a blood fetishist? And since when was she into—oh wait, there was the time when she stabbed Nui. That felt amazing, and she wouldn't admit to anyone but it was sexually exciting.

Ryuko kept eating her burger without missing a beat. She was used to having weird thoughts in her head and an outward appearance of normal spacing out. She sipped her soda. But then, as she dipped her fries in ketchup, she thought of stabbing Nui with the scissor blade. It felt so good. It made sense to mentally revisit that glorious moment, with her enemy coughing up blood…

Ryuko needed something to distract herself from these thoughts, or at least keep her occupied for a bit. She cheered a bit when she found Die Hard and watched it while she enjoyed the last of her food: long salty greasy fries and a slice of apple pie with her two sodas. She was entitled to be a little greedy after all that she had been through, and besides, she could afford it, now that she knew she was a Kiryuin.

She enjoyed Die Hard, but after the movie was over, thoughts kept creeping up on her. She was alone and there was no TV or music or internet in front of her to distract her, so she was left with her weird sexual fetishes, anxiety about passing her classes, and the fact that she had been obnoxious to Satsuki and Nonon on Nonon's birthday of all times. How could she have been so obtuse? She thought long and hard about how to make it up to Satsuki and Nonon, pacing the living room floor and pulling her greasy fingers at her greasy hair. The thing was, she actually liked Nonon. She wished she could take back her standoffishness and instead wish Nonon a happy birthday and give her a hug. Luckily her thoughts were interrupted as Satsuki came in the door.

Chapter 3

Satsuki looked the same as when she had left, except she had removed her lipstick and replaced it with plain lip balm. She took off her shoes at the door and put them in the hall closet.

“Satsuki, I feel so bad, it was her birthday and I didn’t even hug her! She’s my friend! I ate her ass in high school! Okay, maybe you didn’t need to know that, but uh, yeah, she’s really important to me!”

“Well, go out there! The hummer is still in the driveway.”

Ryuko barely missed Satsuki and ran like a lightning bolt out the door.

“Nonon!” She called out at the giant pink monstrosity in her driveway

“What is it, shithead?” Nonon teased.

“It’s your birthday…and I was a dick…I’m sorry…I was…and I didn’t even hug you!”

“Since when are you into hugging?”

Ryuko just stared back with her eyes wide and her mouth tightly closed in frustration.

“Well, I’m in this hummer, and I don’t feel like getting out, so…” She looked at the sad look in Ryuko’s eyes. “So how about a kiss instead?”

Ryuko jogged over to the side of the hummer. She didn’t care about looking foolish in front of Gamagoori, Inu, and Uzu. They had all seen her do far worse things over a long period of time. She leaned up to meet Nonon’s puckered lips. They tasted like alcohol and cranberry juice, and were surprisingly soft and expressive; Ryuko hadn’t kissed Nonon in a while and had forgotten how nice it felt. They broke the kiss and for a second Ryuko looked into Nonon’s blissful pink eyes. Ryuko could tell she was smiling without even looking at her mouth.

“You should forget to hug me more often, Ryuko,” Nonon teased, giving her a gentle push on the shoulder.

“I, um—“ Ryuko started, but couldn’t finish. She blushed.

“Yeah I know, I like you too shithead.” Nonon replied with a smirk. “Now go have fun with Satsuki!”

Ryuko nodded.

“She’s sober,” Nonon added quietly with a wink. “Thankfully, so is Gamagoori! Let’s go, Ira!”

“Goodnight, Ryuko! Until we meet again!” boomed Gamagoori from the driver’s seat. Inu and Uzu gave their tired, half-hearted waves. They were probably both drunk.

Ryuko waved back at them before rushing back inside as fast as she had come out. She got to the kitchen and skidded to a halt at the doorframe, stunned and unable to move.

Satsuki, still in her full-length dress and jewelry, was making herself some tea. The hem of her dress to brushed the floor ever so gently around her bare feet. She spooned the fragrant loose-leaf green tea into her infuser, accidentally used too much, and it spilled. “Shit,” she swore under her breath, cleaning up the excess with her long sexy hands and throwing it away. The metal tea infuser clinked pleasantly into the teapot as Satsuki lowered it in. It was the teapot she had inherited from their maternal grandmother. The sisters cherished it.

“Do you want some tea, imouto?” Satsuki asked casually.

Yeah, I could use something hot in my mouth right about now, Ryuko thought but didn’t dare say aloud. “Tea sounds nice,” she said instead. She watched as her sister reached up into the cupboard above her head and pulled out two of her white tulip cups.

“So, how was the party?” Ryuko asked with genuine interest.

“It was nice,” said Satsuki. “Uzu wanted to get Nonon drunk, so he bought her a sake bomb at the beginning of the evening,”

“Of course.”

“Yes, well… She didn’t end up liking it, so Uzu finished it for her. You should have seen the look on his face. He went from offended to delighted in under 0.5 seconds.”

Ryuko giggled at the mental image.

“Inu looked at his data and inferred that Nonon would like a Cosmo. So he ordered one for her.”

“Uh-huh.”

“She loved it. Couldn’t get enough. We had to stop her after three drinks. She was falling over herself. I tried to lend her my purse flats but she refused, saying she liked being tall.”

Ryuko snorted.

“By the time she was finished with her third drink, she was flirting with every woman she saw at the bar, and she had fallen down twice. Gamagoori had to practically carry her outside.”

“You had to leave because Nonon was so drunk?”

“No, we went to the garden in the back to sit on the benches and get some fresh air. We all took turns holding her on the bench, bringing her water, and dancing with her when she was

sober enough to do so. She spent an awful lot of time on that bench, staring at the tiki lights and the flowers in the garden. She was blissed out."

"Aww, cute little Nonon all drunk."

"She was very cute. She uh…she wanted to lick my face. I refused, of course."

"Nonon is such a weirdo," said Ryuko affectionately.

"She is," Satsuki agreed with an absentminded smile. "I'm such a lucky girlfriend."

The sisters stood there smiling for a moment about the presence of a certain pink snarkmaster in their lives.

"So, how was your evening, nee-chan?" Satsuki asked, pouring the tea.

"Uh, it was pretty good. I watched Die Hard and got some homework done."

Satsuki smiled.

"Did you get any dinner?" Satsuki asked with the casual concern of an older sister.

"Yeah, I ordered from the usual burger joint."

"Of course," said Satsuki with a smirk and a raised eyebrow, staring at the grease and salt on her sister's ragged t-shirt.

"Oh…" Ryuko blushed. "Old habits die hard, I guess."

Satsuki snorted.

Ryuko's eyes widened and she excused herself briefly, rushing back into the living room. She collected her nasty burger wrapper, greasy fry box, napkins, pie wrapper, and empty soda cups from the couch and surrounding areas. "Shit, shit, shit," she whispered, pulling crumbs from the couch, making sure the living room was clean. She returned to the kitchen with an armful of trash and dumped it into the trashcan.

Satsuki smiled with the corner of her mouth. Ryuko could get used to Satsuki being pleased with her.

"Doing your homework early, cleaning up without a reminder…"

"Yeah, I do what I can," said Ryuko proudly, running a hand through her greasy hair.

"Your tea, my dear," said Satsuki, handing her a cup of grassy green tea, still steamy. Ryuko thanked her and held it with both hands.

"I'm sorry about earlier," said Ryuko. "I was obnoxious. You didn't need that." She gazed at Satsuki with a sincere look of remorse and embarrassment in her eyes.

“Don’t worry about it, imouto,” Satsuki reassured her. “We all have our moments. I’m guessing you apologized to Nonon.”

“Yeah, I did. We kissed, so I guess we’re cool.”

“I’m sure she’s put it *behind* her…” Satsuki quipped and smirked into her tea.

Ryuko snorted. “You’re never gonna let me live that down, are you?”

Satsuki shrugged. “You’re so comical the jokes write themselves. They just sort of roll off the tongue…” Satsuki pressed further, smirking at Ryuko’s discomfort.

“Shut up!”

“Make me!” Satsuki teased, raising an eyebrow at her.

“Okay…let me kiss you!” said Ryuko suddenly.

Satsuki laughed and put her tea down. Ryuko put her tea next to Satsuki’s.

Satsuki took Ryuko’s hand, rubbing her fingers between her own. Ryuko looked up at her with desire-filled eyes. Satsuki leaned down and Ryuko got up on her toes to close the gap. Satsuki felt incredible, her lips baby-soft and smooth, slightly sticky from lip balm. Her mouth and breath tasted a bit like scotch and lemon, the lingering alcohol adding a burning sensation. Ryuko liked it. She pressed the tip of her tongue against Satsuki’s lips, a request for access to Satsuki’s mouth. Satsuki obliged, and Ryuko slowly slipped her tongue inside. Satsuki was hot and tasted like the same tea Ryuko had been sipping.

Ryuko loved the sameness; their mouths were similar, their tastes were similar, they even kissed the same way. There was something so perfectly intimate about being girlfriends with her sister. Satsuki moaned softly at the feeling of Ryuko’s tongue. Ryuko felt Satsuki’s hand cup her face, ever so gently. Maybe Satsuki was thinking the same thing.

Satsuki smiled into the kiss gave Ryuko’s lip the gentlest bite. Ryuko pulled back. “You don’t have to be gentle with me tonight,” said Ryuko with a burning mischief in her eyes. She leaned upward toward Satsuki’s ear. “Bite me, dig your nails into me, pull my hair... I’m up for it.”

Satsuki blushed and nodded at Ryuko. She pulled the ponytail out of her sister’s hair and grabbed it to force Ryuko into a painfully hard kiss. Ryuko kissed back with just as much fervor and caressed Satsuki’s smooth face.

Ryuko was dizzy by the time they broke the kiss. She looked up at Satsuki, whose gray-blue eyes looked quieter and more vulnerable than usual. Her hair was disheveled; it now exposed her ears, which were blushing pink. Her lips were enlarged and pinker than usual and wet from the kiss.

“Oh my God, Satsuki,”

“What?”

“You’re so beautiful.”

Satsuki smiled.

“Seriously, you’re gorgeous. How many people did Nonon have to shoo away?”

Ryuko blushed as she realized how hard she was checking out her sister. Satsuki’s smile widened.

Ryuko reached up to touch Satsuki’s lovely, but not perfect, black hair. She stroked it lovingly, giving her neck just the slightest touch on the way down.

“You wanna…go to my room?”

Satsuki’s pupils enlarged. “Yes.”

Chapter 4

The two girlfriends made their way up the stairs. “So, when was that scotch and lemon?” asked Ryuko with a smile.

“Oh, that must have been like, one and a half, two hours ago? Uzu and Nonon wanted company at the bar, so I joined them for a bit. I only had one drink.”

They got to Ryuko’s room, completely ignoring the mess of homework and action figures on the shelves, and headed straight for Ryuko’s bed. Ryuko sat on the edge of the bed and stared up at her sister, who was still standing, despite being on her feet almost all evening in those heels.

“I decided to come home sober this evening. I had a feeling you would be interested in some…intimate activities,” said Satsuki with an uneven smile.

“You got that right,” said Ryuko, whose face was level with Satsuki’s stomach. Her abs were still in good shape, but over the past two years Satsuki had been able to relax more than any time in her life, which had added some softness to her belly. Ryuko loved it. She allowed her face to inch forward, savoring the warmth radiating from her sister’s body. She looked back up, enjoying the view of the undersides of Satsuki’s breasts, the bottom of her hair, and her face. Satsuki had a confused smile and lifted an eyebrow.

“You’re incredible,” Ryuko whispered up to Satsuki. “Can I touch you?”

“Yes, you may.”

Ryuko realized she had forgotten to clarify, and her heartbeat sped up as she asked, “Where?”

“Wherever you like,” said Satsuki, stroking her sister’s hair.

Ryuko bit her lip. Her face was so close to Satsuki. “Kisses okay, sis?”

Satsuki nodded.

Ryuko pressed her lips to her sister’s soft beautiful belly, only a thin layer of fine silk in between them.

Now that she was closer, Ryuko noticed that the dress was a very dark gray and had the subtlest shine. It reminded her of a river rock.

Satsuki’s dress was deliciously unforgiving; it clung to her curves and showed so many details it was almost like Satsuki was naked. She could see the indent of her navel, the curves of her stomach, the softness of her hips, and when she looked upward, she could see that it fit her breasts perfectly. She gave Satsuki little kisses just above the navel and looked up at Satsuki’s face. Satsuki’s focused gaze and soft smile showed just as much love coming back

at her. Ryuko smiled and kept kissing, running her hands along Satsuki's back, enjoying the curves of her muscles and spine, feeling her bare skin…

"Wow Satsuki, this is a low-back dress. How do you even wear a bra with it?"

Satsuki gave her a playful smirk. "I guess you'll have to find out for yourself."

Ryuko blushed profusely. She gradually ran her hands upwards on Satsuki's back, feeling nothing but skin and the edge of Satsuki's smooth silk dress.

"This dress looks like it was made for you," remarked Ryuko as she fingered the edges of Satsuki's dress.

"I had it tailored," said Satsuki.

"Of course you did, you'll never find a dress made for curves like yours right off the—"

A slight moan came from Satsuki's throat as Ryuko's hands met her breasts, surprising both of them. Satsuki bit her lip. Ryuko continued, rubbing upwards against Satsuki's breasts, feeling their heaviness, their softness, how they moved with Satsuki's breath, the slick feel of silk between Satsuki's warming skin and Ryuko's steady hands. She looked up at Satsuki's blushing face and got a nod of encouragement. That was all she needed. She moved her thumbs from near the base of Satsuki's breasts upward, which earned her some sexy high-pitched moans from her sister. She continued running her thumbs up, over Satsuki's startlingly soft nipples. A higher, louder moan came from Satsuki just as Ryuko felt her nipples stiffen at the touch. Ryuko kept touching, looking up at her girlfriend's face blushing and grimacing at the overwhelming amount of pleasure she was giving her.

Ryuko felt like she couldn't possibly breathe enough air. The feeling of Satsuki's soft breasts and stiff nipples under the slick micron-thin fabric, coupled with Satsuki's increasingly desperate moans, were too much for Ryuko. There was nothing she loved more than making her beloved feel good, and her body felt incredible. Ryuko thought back to her sister giving her permission to touch her "wherever you like." Her heart felt like an earthquake and her face burned with lust. She tried to quench her desire by pressing more kisses into her sister's belly, but that got her more moans and a little quiver, and that just made it so much worse.

Satsuki brought her finger under Ryuko's chin to lift up her face, a signal that she was done with breast play. Ryuko dropped her hands to her lap and looked up, blushing profusely across her face, shaking and helpless.

Satsuki gave her a satisfied smile and gently brushed her fingers down Ryuko's neck, biting her lip at the feel of her sister's pulse.

"Proceed," said Satsuki, "Anywhere else…*wherever you like*," she repeated softly, a hint of a tease in her voice.

Ryuko choked on her spit, but she quickly recovered. She held her hands up to Satsuki's sides and stroked lovingly, feeling her way from the edge of Satsuki's dress in the back, to the sensitive spots at Satsuki's sides that Ryuko knew all too well. Satsuki laughed a little when

the light touch tickled her. Ryuko laughed along with her, then added enough pressure that it wouldn't tickle her. The bumps of her ribs, the swell of her breath, the little bit of sweat that stuck to her dress…Ryuko savored everything about the experience.

Ryuko's hands slid down to her girlfriend's gorgeous hips. The silk was smooth, and she could feel every curve perfectly. She felt herself blush with desire.

Suddenly, it dawned on her. "Satsuki, are you wearing any underwear under this dress?"

"Why don't you find out?" Satsuki challenged her with a smirk. She was blushing just as much as Ryuko.

Ryuko bit her lip and moaned. She reached down to the base of Satsuki's dress at the floor, pulling it up gently.

"Careful, this dress is expensive, even for me."

Ryuko didn't ask.

She rubbed her way up Satsuki's big, curvaceous legs, savoring the trip. She heeded Satsuki's warning and treated the dress with utmost care, gathering it delicately as she went up. She pressed her lips to Satsuki's legs a few times, feeling their smoothness against the sensitive skin of her lips. It felt like heaven.

Finally Ryuko's hand reached her hip and encountered the slightest piece of fabric she had ever felt. "Oh my God," she whispered. It was about 2 centimeters wide and made of even softer, thinner material than the dress. Ryuko whined with lust as she inserted her thumb under this strip of fabric and ran it along the side of Satsuki's hip. It just kept going and going at the same width and only stopped in the middle of Satsuki's butt. Satsuki was wearing the most discreet thong ever made, and Ryuko was doomed. Her heart somehow managed to speed up even more and she felt faint thinking of all the parts of Satsuki this garment touched. She wanted to touch them herself. She could feel Satsuki shaking under her touch. Maybe she wanted the same thing.

Well, she did say I could touch her wherever I like, thought Ryuko to herself. She let go of Satsuki's dress with her other hand and let it inside, slid it up on the inside of Satsuki's thigh and ever-so-gently touched her labia over the thin fabric. She could feel the delicate curves of skin, the soft coarse hair, everything. Satsuki's breath hitched as Ryuko began to rub. She felt the folds swell and stiffen with her touch, and Satsuki's hard breathing turned to moaning in response. She felt her sister's hands grabbing into her shoulders, digging in painfully with her nails.

"Yes, fuck, nails," Ryuko whispered with a little cry at the pain and a broken exhale of lust. Satsuki inhaled sharply and dug her nails into Ryuko further in response.

Soon Ryuko felt a hot rush of wetness on her fingers, which drove up her blood temperature and consumed her attention completely.

"Ohhh, Satsuki," she breathed, "Can we…?"

Satsuki nodded. Ryuko pulled herself out of Satsuki's dress as Satsuki stepped away from her, reached up inside her dress and discarded her underwear to the floor. Next came her earrings; she tilted her head to each side as she pulled them out and put them on the bedside table. She unhooked her necklace; three strands of iridescent black pearls that looked absolutely stunning against her skin.

She fiddled with her dress and struggled with the zipper. Ryuko reached up, helped her steady her dress enough to pull the zipper down and slip out of her dress. She hung it on a nearby chair and came back quickly to kiss Ryuko on the mouth. Satsuki dug her fingers into Ryuko's hair, rubbing her face tenderly with her thumbs. Soon the tenderness was gone and Satsuki was all roughness, digging her fingernails into Ryuko's head and biting into Ryuko's lip with her sharp teeth. Ryuko gave little moans of encouragement and pulled her down on the bed for more.

Ryuko was a mess, her tangled greasy hair getting pushed all over her head by her lusty sister, who had fallen over her gracelessly in a fit of passion. Satsuki's hands groped and dug and caressed Ryuko, and Ryuko responded by trying to get her hand back to the sweet wetness she had pulled it from. Satsuki stared back at Ryuko and held her breath.

"Um, Satsuki? Could you scoot up a bit please? I'm trying to reach…"

Satsuki nodded and pulled herself up on the bed to oblige her sister. She leaned forward on her elbows, and since she was taller than Ryuko, she had to scoot up enough that her chest was in Ryuko's face. She lifted her hips up by putting her weight on her knees, allowing Ryuko easy access.

"Oh, Satsuki, you're dripping," Ryuko exclaimed, rubbing the outside of Satsuki's labia, which were soaking wet. She slipped a finger in between them and immediately found Satsuki's hard, swollen clit. Satsuki inhaled sharply and screamed at the sensation. Ryuko rubbed her clit in little circles and figure eights, moving it around with her fingertips, savoring its slickness. She felt Satsuki's breathing hitch above her and her body becoming more and more limp, pressing down on Ryuko's face. Ryuko loved being crushed by Satsuki's breasts. It was there she could smell the sweat on her sister, feel her pulse and her breathing, and hear from an intimate angle Satsuki's vocalizations. She could feel the life and movement of Satsuki directly from under her. Her beloved. The experience was so incredible it was almost spiritual.

Some sweat collected between Satsuki's breasts, and Ryuko lapped it up hungrily. It tasted sexy, salty, savory, and slightly bitter. Satsuki gave her little moans at the sensation of her tongue.

Satsuki's moaning got deeper and louder, her breathing got heavier, her breasts were crushing Ryuko's face…she came shaking all over, grabbing Ryuko's hair in both fists, and Ryuko could feel Satsuki's clit pull back rhythmically with the rest of her body. She sighed at the release and rolled over to lie on the bed next to Ryuko.

"You done?" Ryuko asked quickly.

Satsuki shook her head.

“Good. Me neither.” Ryuko kept her mischievous eyes locked with Satsuki’s as she brought her hand to her mouth with excruciating slowness and licked the juices from her fingers. “You’re delicious, Satsuki. I wanna eat you out.”

“Very well,” said Satsuki with a raised eyebrow. “You have my permission. Just let me catch my breath first.”

“Gotcha,” said Ryuko. She rested her arm across her belly and took a few moments just to bask in the glory of her beloved.

Satsuki was glowing, still breathing heavily from her orgasm. Her cheeks were flushed. Her previously immaculate eyeliner had smudged from friction and sweat. She looked so lovely.

“How are you doing?” Satsuki whispered.

“Great! Pumped! Ready to keep going when you are!” Ryuko cheered.

“You’re amazing,” said Satsuki. She rolled over and poked the wall with her fingers. Ryuko relaxed into the bed and enjoyed the view of her sister’s back. She stared up at the ceiling, perfectly content. How lucky she was.

A few minutes later, Satsuki rolled back over to face Ryuko. Her makeup and hair were a complete mess and the stern sexy look on her face melted Ryuko right to her core.

“Lick me,” Satsuki demanded.

Ryuko licked her lips in anticipation and nodded. Satsuki positioned herself at the head of the bed and pulled a pillow around her head. *She’s going to be there for a while, so she might as well get comfortable*, thought Ryuko.

Ryuko crawled over Satsuki’s leg and got herself comfortable as well, on her stomach with her head resting between her sister’s legs. She traced little circles with her thumb on Satsuki’s inner thigh. Satsuki flinched.

“Don’t be afraid to like, pull my hair extra hard,” Ryuko said with a blush. She wouldn’t admit these desires to anyone but Satsuki.

“Duly noted,” Satsuki replied with a smirk.

Oh God, I’m in for it. I shouldn’t have said anything, Ryuko thought just as she felt herself getting wet.

“If I ever pull too hard, you know what the safeword is,” Satsuki reminded her. She must have read her mind.

Ryuko nodded.

She pulled herself forward and stuck out her tongue into Satsuki’s folds and moaned at the taste: sour, salty, and a little musky.

She started around Satsuki's vagina, swirling her tongue around the opening and running the soft underside of her tongue along the rugged texture. Slowly, she slipped inside the tight crevice and licked up into Satsuki's delightfully sensitive vagina. She moved her tongue as tenderly as she had in their first open-mouth kiss.

Satsuki sighed happily and reached for her sister's hair. Her fingers were gentle but stiff, promising rough play.

Ryuko pulled her tongue out and ran it right up the middle of Satsuki's slippery-smooth inner labia, ending with a bump to her clit. Satsuki moaned at the touch and dug her fingers into Ryuko's hair. Ryuko groaned at the pain and continued downward, licking each side of Satsuki's labia minora teasingly slowly. She grinned and breathed heavily through her mouth.

Satsuki's grip tightened. Ryuko closed her eyes and moaned at the sensation.

A few more times up and down, and Ryuko had spent less than a minute total pleasuring Satsuki's clit. Satsuki grabbed Ryuko's hair and dug her nails in, in frustration. Ryuko kept going with this until finally Satsuki's hair pulling reached a plateau.

"More," she attempted to say with her mouth full.

"Get the fuck back to my clit, I know what you're trying to do," Satsuki ordered with unusual sternness.

Ryuko let out a sigh of resignation and did as she was told. Satsuki's clit was divine, and Ryuko took it in her mouth to give it her full attention.

"That's better," Satsuki whispered as she gathered up pieces of Ryuko's hair. Her breathing was getting faster and more broken.

Ryuko kept her tongue going fast on the underside of Satsuki's clit while she sucked. That was sure to make her come. She felt Satsuki's muscles pulse, and soon, she shook again and screamed at the top of her lungs. Her shaky hands pulled hard at Ryuko's hair and her fingernails dug carelessly into the girl's scalp. Ryuko screamed in ecstasy at the pain, the sound muffled.

Just as Satsuki finished, Ryuko pulled away to look at her sister. A string of her saliva and Satsuki's juices hung between the two of them. Ryuko wiped it away with her forearm. Satsuki laughed quietly.

"What do you wanna do now?" Ryuko asked with a toothy grin and a playful butt wiggle. She kicked her feet and smiled up at Satsuki, waiting for an answer.

"Now?!" said Satsuki incredulously. "I can't believe the magnitude of your libido, my dear imouto."

Ryuko looked up at her with inquisitive eyes. Satsuki hadn't answered her question yet.

"I'm thirsty. Go get me a glass of water while I consider your question," Satsuki ordered.

Ryuko nodded and got up. Her legs were wobbly. She stumbled out of her bedroom, down the stairs, and into the kitchen. She poured herself a glass of water and guzzled it, not caring that it spilled all over her shirt. She shrugged and filled it again; she and Satsuki had all the same germs anyway. She plodded back upstairs and froze in the doorway.

Satsuki stood tall with her back to the door. She was naked, save for some black straps across her hips and upper thighs that looked oh-so-familiar. It was the strap-on that Ryuko had bought Satsuki for her birthday. Ryuko nearly dropped the glass. Satsuki fiddled with the straps and looked over her shoulder at Ryuko. “So, what do you think?”

“You look fucking stunning,” said Ryuko, wide-eyed.

Satsuki smiled.

“I’m almost done. Get over here with my water.”

Ryuko stepped closer and handed the water to Satsuki. Satsuki drank from it and set it on the nightstand. She pulled out a long purple toy. It was the maximum thickness Ryuko could comfortably take and equipped with yummy ridges from base to tip.

Ryuko’s jaw dropped. She leaned back on the bed. “Satsuki…”

“What can I say? I know how to spoil my sister,” said Satsuki with a wink.

Ryuko watched Satsuki bring the dildo close to her body and fasten the flared base into her harness. She was mesmerized.

“Take off your clothes,” Satsuki ordered.

Ryuko peeled off her shirt, followed by her casual black sports bra, loose sweatpants, and black underwear, which was now soaking wet. Everything dropped in a pile on the floor. Ryuko kept her eyes on Satsuki.

Satsuki was now pumping Ryuko’s bottle of lube and rubbing it along the length of the toy. Ryuko lay down on the bed, watching intently.

Satsuki grabbed her by the hips with her sticky hands and pulled her to the edge of the bed. Their heads were dangerously close together. Ryuko could hear her breathing.

Satsuki put her hand between Ryuko’s legs and caressed her labia apart gracefully. She poked at her entrance with the very tip of the toy.

“Please, Satsuki…” Ryuko pleaded.

Satsuki smirked back and slowed her touch down to almost stillness. Ryuko bit her lip. She knew this was revenge for earlier.

Satsuki took mercy on her and pushed the toy in, gradually enough that it didn’t cause too much pain. Those ridges were scrumptious, and Ryuko could feel every one on its way in.

“Ohhh, yes!” Ryuko breathed into her sister’s ear.

Satsuki smiled at the encouragement and kept sliding in.

“Deeper, please!”

Satsuki obliged.

The tip of the toy hit Ryuko’s g-spot and Ryuko immediately whined with pleasure. Her eyes rolled back and she felt like she couldn’t move. She was in heaven.

Satsuki treated her to tiny thrusts so she could feel the toy hitting her g-spot again and again. Ryuko gasped and sighed at the overwhelming sensation. When her eyes came back in focus, she stared into Satsuki’s.

“I love you, Satsuki.”

“And I love you, Ryuko,” Satsuki replied, taking Ryuko’s hand in hers and weaving their fingers together.

“Fuck me,” Ryuko sighed hungrily.

Satsuki began to pick up speed, ramming that thing into Ryuko and making her dizzy with sensation. The ridges made her muscles clamp down for a tight fit and her lower belly contract rhythmically, making her feel like she was going to orgasm any second. She wailed loudly, the sound punctuated by Satsuki’s thrusting. Ryuko didn’t know she was capable of feeling so much pleasure. A sweet tingle of internal pressure radiated from her g-spot and exploded like a star, sending waves of pleasure throughout her entire body. The physical sensations gradually calmed down and left Ryuko with a perfect feeling of bliss. She lay there and savored the feeling. Satsuki smiled down at her and slowly pulled out. Ryuko gasped and smiled at the feeling of that wonderfully ridged toy coming out of her over-sensitive vagina. Satsuki carefully plopped it on top of Ryuko’s clothes for Ryuko to deal with, as was their custom.

Chapter 5

“So, you wanna cuddle?” Ryuko offered.
“I have to pee,” said Satsuki.
Ryuko snorted. It was a rare and delightful occurrence when Satsuki used such casual language.
“Oh, actually, me too,” said Ryuko.
Satsuki turned toward the door and went into Ryuko’s bathroom.
“Hey, that’s my bathroom!” Ryuko called after her sister.
“Finders keepers!” said Satsuki.
“Ugh, you are so annoying sometimes!”
“We have four bathrooms!”
Ryuko grumbled and ran toward the hall bathroom. She peed for ages. It must have been the tea, and the soda…and the water. Yeah, that made sense.
“Goddammit Satsuki! I have to wipe, like, 15 times! How much lube did you use?!”
She could hear Satsuki cracking up from the other bathroom. “That was mostly you, dear!” Satsuki called out as she laughed even harder.
“It’s not funny!” Ryuko protested. “Okay, yeah, maybe it is.”
Ryuko finished up and washed her hands. She felt a little cold; the hotness from her blood wore off and she was left shivering in the cold night air. She ran back to her bedroom just as Satsuki was stepping out of the other bathroom.
Ryuko dived into the bed and shimmied herself under the covers.
“Cuddle with me, nee-chan!”
“You need to brush your teeth, imouto.”
“Oh, right, I forgot,” said Ryuko, getting up slowly. “It’s so cold! Could you get me my pajamas?”
Satsuki nodded and went through Ryuko’s bottom drawer. She threw a set of pajamas at Ryuko. Ryuko quickly put them on.
“Do you have anything I could borrow? I don’t feel like going to my room,” said Satsuki.
Ryuko pulled a bathrobe off the floor by the foot of her bed, held it to her face, inhaled, and declared, “It’s clean!” She threw it at Satsuki, who raised an eyebrow.
“It’s clean, I swear!”
“Alright, I guess I’ll take your word for it, imouto,” said Satsuki, smiling. She slipped on the robe. Ryuko noticed it looked good on her, and even better for being too small for Satsuki’s bust, leaving part of it exposed. She caught herself staring.
Satsuki shook her head. “Your libido never takes a break, I swear.”
“Yup,” said Ryuko.
The two of them brushed their teeth together in the mirror. Ryuko wanted to quit early, but Satsuki encouraged her to stay and give her teeth a thorough cleaning. With all that sugar in her diet, Ryuko’s teeth needed extra attention, as Satsuki kept telling her.
Satsuki filled her cupped hand with water and brought it to her mouth to rinse and drink. Ryuko tilted her head and drank directly from the tap. Satsuki just shook her head.
Ryuko groaned and complained on the way back to bed. “Ugh, I’m so sore!”
“From what?”
“Everything we did tonight. I just—oww!” She put a hand on her back.

“You sound like an old lady,” Satsuki teased, “Too young to go to a bar, too old for sex. You poor thing.” Satsuki sat on the bed and grinned.
“Shut up,” said Ryuko, matching Satsuki’s teasing tone. She bent down slightly and gave her beloved a gentle kiss on the lips.
Satsuki flipped back the covers and climbed in, followed by Ryuko. They adjusted themselves wordlessly into the perfect fit, Satsuki holding Ryuko from behind and resting her chin on the back of her head.
“Any plans for tomorrow, imouto?”
“Yeah, I’m gonna take Nonon out for ice cream. Her favorite place uptown, where she always orders the cookies n’ cream.”
Satsuki laughed a little. “Says the person who always orders the salted caramel and puts dark chocolate sauce on it, every time, without fail.”
“You order the same thing too, sis.”
“I’ll stop ordering taro when they invent a better—“ she yawned “—flavor.”
Satsuki moved her hand up to Ryuko’s head for some scritches.
Ryuko sighed happily and scooted closer to her older sister. Having a bunch of 20-year-olds in her life wasn’t so bad after all.

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